

The American Weekly

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*Belated Justice-
Votes
for Women!*

*Painted by
"Adelante"*



Decision on the War

Laboratory Research at Last Reveals the Different Kinds of Dirt on the Family Wash and Is Working Out a Chemical Mixture Which Will Clean Everything Without Rotting the Fabric

This Was Supposed to Be an "All Linen" Towel; but It Had a Good Deal of Cotton Woven Into the Fabric Along with the Linen. This Picture Shows What the Laundry Aids Did to the Cotton Part of the Towel Leaving the Linen Threads Which the Aids Did Not Attack

By Rene Bache.

WHILE the hole in your shirtwaist? Why has your collar got a saw-tooth edge?

What made your handkerchiefs fall to pieces as if it was made of paper?

At last science has turned its attention to the laundry. There is no excuse for the wholesale destruction of good cotton and linen in the public laundries. Science has undertaken to find out what is the trouble and to standardize the process of getting the dirt out of fabrics sent to the wash.

The United States Bureau of Standards, working in connection with the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, at Pittsburgh, and the National Association of Laundry Scientists, is conducting scientific research which promises to be of great value.

The problem is one of great importance. A generation ago most families were still doing all of their own washing. But now, largely owing to the increasing difficulty of getting convenient and willing help, this industry has become a business. It is no longer a hobby, it is a profession, and it is no longer a simple matter of doing the laundry, it is a science.

Most of us have noticed that once in a while clothing returned from the laundry has a peculiar odor, often very disagreeable. This is an unpleasant odor and means dirt. This is particularly liable to happen in the summer time.

The cause is very simple. Your soiled clothes at the laundry are stored with other soiled clothes in a room where the air is not changed. The clothes are not washed, they are only stored. The odor is the result of the bacteria which are present in the clothes.

Some people say that the laundry is a dirty business. This is not true. The laundry is a very clean business. The clothes are washed in a large tub of water. The water is changed frequently. The clothes are then dried in a large room. The clothes are then folded and packed. The laundry is a very clean business.

Such salts are most common those of calcium or magnesium. They render water "hard." If the household at home washes clothes in a tub of hard water some of her soap will take up in the mineral and it will not begin to get busy as a cleanser until, by combining with the mineral and precipitating the latter, it has made the water soft.

This means a loss of soap, but that is the least of the disadvantages of washing clothes in hard water. For the precipitate "scale" in the meshes of the fabric making clots and streaks that are difficult to remove. It renders the fabric stiff and harsh, and causes the heat of the iron to turn it gray.

In the bluing, traces of it are liable to appear in blue spots and streaks; and in the starching, it clogs the structure of the fibre, lessening the efficiency of the wool for conserving body heat—in other words, for keeping out the cold.

Laundries, having had plenty of experience of these troubles, use various chemical compounds to remove the hardness of water, a combination of lime and soda ash being most commonly employed.

It is further of importance that water used for washing clothes should be as pure as possible. It is well freed from suspended matter by filtering, but also it must be free from color. Stains in the water of a stream may color its water most unsightly, but the water is not so dirty as to be objectionable, making rusty spots.

The laundries research work now in progress at the Mellon Institute embraces special studies of the fibres of which clothes are woven; the chemical nature of various kinds of dirt; the composition and cleansing power of soaps; the effects of heat and friction upon the texture and strength of fabrics; the behavior of dyes in connection with laundry processes, and the classification of solvents as to color, texture and nature and extent of softening.

Another branch of the investigative work relates to the all-important subject of sanitation. How shall the destruction of disease germs be made thoroughly insured? And how much danger of contamination is involved in the practice of "dyeing wet clothes"?

The commercial laundering process is much more elaborate than the domestic. It begins with a cold wash to loosen dirt and dissolve starch. Next comes the "hot water" wash, a solution heavily charged with soap, which is gradually raised to boiling point. The clothes are then washed in a solution of soda ash, which is used to remove the dirty soap solution; and after that another washing in diluted soda, slowly raised to boiling point.

Then follows a soaking for ten minutes in a bleaching solution, a chemical commonly used for the purpose being chloride of lime. To neutralize the alkali in the bleach, and to prevent injury to the fabrics dealt with, there must next be an "acid rinse" for five minutes. Bluing next to give whiteness (else the clothes would have a yellowish hue), and then a last rinse, followed by starching, drying, ironing and sorting. The garments are now ready for delivery, when wrapped and duly labeled.

It is no question that the average laundry takes plenty of pains to make their work as perfect as they can. The fact that the laundry is a dirty business is a fact, but it is not a fact that the laundry is a dirty business.

The clothes delivered to the consumer are as clean as the clothes delivered to the laundry. The clothes are washed in a large tub of water. The water is changed frequently. The clothes are then dried in a large room. The clothes are then folded and packed. The laundry is a very clean business.

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ness of collars, shirtwaists and heavily starched articles, after two or three trips to the laundry, is very common. It is due to some silicate or some other undesirable mineral in the soap.

The removal of stains from clothing is part of the business of the laundry, and to accomplish it properly demands processes that can be worked out only by the expert chemist. When these are standardized, anybody can apply them.

Stains are of many kinds, and require different methods of treatment. When not removable in the wash they must be dealt with by the use of chemicals, the most important of which are Javelle water, permanent green, ammonia water, permanganate of potash, ammonia water, cream of tartar and oxalic acid.

On this subject it is well worth the housewife's while to know something, and hence, for her benefit, the following information is offered: Soap and water is good for grease-spots, but is liable to "set" a fruit stain.

Stains of water easily removes most fruit stains, but applied to a spot made by blood, egg or meat-juice, it gives the mischief a more permanent grip.

It will not do to apply hot water to silk or silk. Hot water turns wool or silk into felt. It is well to remember that the alkali in the water will injure the finish of the latter.

If the spot be on cotton or linen (white or fast color), soak the stained portion with lukewarm water, rub it with a neutral soap, rinse it in clean water and rub it with a soft cloth.

Javelle water bleaches cotton and silk or wool. It should be applied, therefore, only to unstained cotton or linen. When a chemical of any kind is used, stretch the stained portion of the fabric over a bowl of water and apply the chemical to the spot with a medicine dropper. Then rinse thoroughly.

Or place the stained portion over a pad of folded cloth, and apply the chemical with a small brush, rinsing thoroughly. If Javelle water be used it should be neutralized after one minute with oxalic acid, with rinsing to follow.

The commonest and by all odds the most obstinate spot is the ink-spot. The best thing to do is to buy one of the commercial eradicators. Most of them work surprisingly well.

Mrs. Christine Frederick, the well-known household efficiency expert, in a new work on this subject, tells that cleaning clothes in undisturbed hard water gives them a gray appearance, due to the lime formed on the fibres in physics (the clothes saturated with dirty, soapy water are rinsed in hard water. If there is any iron in the water, "iron spots" will be formed, which may turn iron rust stains on the clothes. Therefore, hard water involves a great deal of trouble.

This point has been referred to already, but it is valuable to have this expert's advice in this connection. If it is necessary to stain hard water for all laundry purposes. The most common and cheapest way of softening water is by the use of soda ash. The correct amount of washing soda is used one of that substance is left in the water. When washing soda, borax or ammonia is added to hard water, the salts of lime and magnesium which it is forming, carbonates, which are not very soluble, and so come out as a fine white powder, giving the water a "milky" appearance. This powder will settle in the tub and does no harm. Any iron present is precipitated also. It is not necessary to wash clothes—here it is in the hands—that does damage.

About two-thirds of an ounce of washing soda per one hundred gallons, according to Mrs. Frederick, is the right amount to correct each degree of hardness. If the water has twenty degrees of hardness and ten gallons is used in the tub, then one and one-third ounces of washing soda is the correct amount.

Washing soda should always be dissolved, first, in hot water. If sufficient soda has been used to give the water a soapy feeling when rubbed between the thumb and fingers, too much has been added for softening and the quantity should be reduced.

Modern soap is apt to cause injury to wool and colored clothing if it contains free alkali or fat. Soda is nearly always used in only making of common yellow soap because it reduces the cost. It is well to remember that the alkali in the water will injure the finish of the latter.

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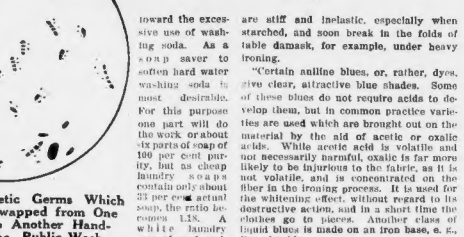
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The Steam Mangle in Which the Wash Is Stirred Round and Round in a Chemical Solution; Which Is a Laundryman's Best Guess of What Is About Right to Bleach Out the Dirt and Incidentally Eat Out All the Life and Strength of Your Fabric



Testing Various Chemicals on Dirt Spots on Cotton and Linen



are stiff and inelastic, especially when starched, and soon break in the folds of table damask, for example, under heavy ironing.

"Certain aniline blues, or, rather, dyes, give clear, attractive blue shades. Some of these blues do not require acids to develop them, but in common practice varieties are used which are brought out by the material by the aid of acetic or oxalic acids. While acetic acid is volatile and not necessarily harmful, oxalic is far more likely to be injurious to the fabric, as it is not volatile, and is concentrated on the fiber in the ironing process. It is used for the whitening effect, without its destructive action, and in a short time the clothes go to pieces. Another class of liquid blues is made on an iron base, a. e. Prussian blue.

"In the presence of alkalies the iron is changed to ferric hydroxide, which is more or less insoluble in the dry material, especially under the heat of the iron. If this kind is used, therefore, the bluing water must be entirely free from soap, otherwise rust spots appear on ironing. To determine whether a liquid blue is of this variety, add caustic soda solution or other alkali and shake for a few minutes, heating gently until warm.

"If iron is present the blue color will fade to the reddish, yellow color of iron rust. The blue can be restored by the addition of acid, hence the iron rust spot can be removed by treating with an acid.

The ultra-marine blues come in solid form or are insoluble in water. They are very satisfactory, provided they are not allowed to settle on the clothing and make blue spots. The choice of a bluing is a matter of individual taste, any standard bluing good provided it is used intelligently.

His Household Servants More Precious Than His Wife

Mrs. Clayburgh, Driven by the Domestic Question to Stardom on the Metropolitan Opera Stage, Discusses Her Rich Husband's Peculiar Viewpoint Which, She Says, Wrecked Her Happiness, Thrust Her Out of Her Home and Brought Her at Last to the Divorce Court

WHEN Mrs. Alma Clayburgh sweeps in stately fashion upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House and sings an aria those who sit in the boxes and stalls and orchestra seats and gallery will see a heartbroken woman.

To be sure, Mrs. Clayburgh—young, glowing, handsome—will not look it. But there is her word for it. Her life, she says, has been crushed by the servant question. The singer is the third wife of Albert Clayburgh, a millionaire manufacturer, of New York. He wooed her with ardor. Yet, after eight years of marriage, she affirms that he loved his servants more than he did her.

Mr. Clayburgh is suing Mrs. Clayburgh for divorce, naming seven co-respondents. To pay the household bills which her husband refuses to pay she will go upon the opera stage.

Mrs. Clayburgh tells for this newspaper her own story of how, when it came to the question of who was to go—herself or the servants—she was shown the door.

By Mrs. Albert Clayburgh
(In an interview)

I COULD not compete with my husband's nineteen servants. But for them, I give you my word of honor, we might be living as serenely as the happiest pair in Christendom.

Four times he left me because of servant troubles. Three times he came back—but the fourth time he would not return. To my distress and deep humiliation I three times signed agreements to leave the management of the servants in his hands. Because he claims I broke the agreement he wants his freedom. When I wouldn't divorce him he turned around and brought suit against me.

Although he has many times said that I am the chastest woman in the world he would sue me for divorce in New York! He has named seven co-respondents.

This is very generous of Mr. Clayburgh—seven co-respondents!—a favor for every day in the week! But when this outrageous charge is cleared up in the courts I shall see that my husband is well punished for these wild accusations.

Albert Clayburgh is a man unique. He doesn't like the domestic type of woman I like domesticity. I thought to please him by performing little household services for himself and me. But I only annoyed him. An instance of this is one of our first breakfasts together. The coffee supply was low. I wanted a little more and tried to draw the coffee myself. I poured some hot water into the percolator.

He said, "Good Heavens! Why don't you order coffee if you want it?"

"But why take the time to ring, to admit a waiter, give the order for it to be filled, and then scurry around to find a tip for one little spoonful of coffee?" I inquired.

"I had no mind to marry a cook!" he snapped.

Albert was dependent upon servants. They played a large part in his life. They were his foibles. He was frantic when a cook left. She might be ill-tempered and slipshod, but he was wild until she came back. He asked every conversation she made as to hours, the number of guests we might entertain, the help, and he sent her scurrying back to the kitchen. All because he liked the way she cooked!

In such an atmosphere I tried vainly to govern my own household. Because I discussed matters with him and suggested ways to improve the management of the house he left me the first year of our marriage.

Our troubles began almost from the first. He began immediately to threaten to desert me. "If you do this I'll leave you," he would say. Or "If you don't do that I will leave you."

In our town house in West Eighth-street, near the Drive, we kept a fairly large staff of help. But when we went to the farm we kept no more than a butler, and often there were one hundred persons doing things on the place. At the farm at Mount Kisco the servant question, which had always been trying, became more acute. Once all but one of the servants left.

I must explain that my husband kept his retainers a long time. Naturally, when he left them have their own way in everything, but having the habit of keeping them a long time, it came about that the servants who had waited on his last wife were a legacy to me.

nothing except dress Mr. Clayburgh and press his clothes. Between times—and those between times were many hours—he would loaf. I had two personal maids. One of these said, "Mrs. Clayburgh, George sits around all day and watches his rent of us work. I think he ought to lend me a hand with your riding habits," I answered. "I think you're quite right. Tell him I wish him to help you with my riding habits."

The next day George brought down a habit he had pressed. In the back of the skirt was the scorching imprint of the iron!

"I understand," I said. "You did that on purpose so that you wouldn't have to press any more of my clothes. I shall tell Mr. Clayburgh about this."

But George told him first. My husband came to me in great excitement and said, "George has given notice. What have you been doing?"

I told him I had told him. My husband almost wept. "When will you do as I tell you and let my servants alone?" he nearly screamed.

That day he left the house and took George with him. He remained away for months. He would not come back until I signed an agreement which read:

"I hereby promise not to interfere with my husband's management of the servants."

It was: "And I promise not to disturb the furniture nor any other arrangements of my sleeping chamber."

Funny that! I was to stay out of his room except while I slept there!

We were not together long after the first separation before my husband represented my reports to him of what the servants had been doing during the day. I complained that the valet was not treating his wife well. I said I thought he was making her unhappy and was dining with another of the servants. My judgment had been confirmed, for he is divorced and has married the other servant. But my husband told me that was none of my affair and that I should keep my nose out of it. I answered that it is a woman's inalienable right to have all of her husband's attention. He sneered about my "new woman's notions." As always when we discussed the household, he went to his desk, took out the paper I had signed and shook it before my face. "Remember that you

the management of the servants. I will leave to my husband the direction of all the servants save my own personal maids."

I was so glad to have him back that I willingly signed this humiliating document. And so after a talk about George's delinquencies, he did. It was our third servant-caused separation.

This time he sent word, through a mutual friend, that he wanted me to go to Europe. He said, through this friend, "After you have been on the other side six months maybe you will behave yourself and not meddle in the household affairs. Then I'll see whether I'll come back to you."

While I was in Europe he never wrote me. I wrote him, but he never answered. When I returned he was not at the pier to meet me.

Instead, there was a man with a new agreement. This one was drawn up by William Travers Jerome. It was similar to the others except that it had another addendum: "And I promise never to refer to my husband's previous wives nor to his past life." The discussion of the servants had led to my saying once or twice in an angry tone, "You told Mrs. Clayburgh No. 2 because she didn't care what they did." ("I think it is the servants who send me anonymous notes telling me you loved your other wives better than you do me.")

Again I signed the degrading document.

Mrs. Clayburgh and Little Albert, Her Son, Whom She Let Go with the Husband Whose Regard for His Servants, She Says, Was Greater Than His Love for Her.

signed this," he said. "If you don't live up to it I will have you!"

One day we were having twenty persons to luncheon. I went through the lower rooms to see whether everything was ready. I had seen some of the earlier of our guests coming up the driveway. I looked into the dining room. Every servant in the place was standing about that table.

"Why isn't somebody on the door?" I said.

George turned around his face toward me. "There won't be anybody on the door if you come around here interfering. Get out!"

I went out of the house and crossed the lawn to where my husband was talking with a woman cousin. I told him of the incident. We three went into the house and into the dining room. George said something to my husband in a low tone. Albert turned around to me. He said, "Get out of here and stay out!"

Luncheon passed off quietly, but the servants were all sulky. I made myself as agreeable as I could to my guests. Ten stayed to dinner. The servants had left the table as it was set for twenty luncheon guests. I made the best of it. I said, "Let's gather up at this end and play we are double!" I tried to catch my husband's eye and make him smile. He avoided looking at or speaking to me all evening.

The next morning I asked where my husband was. The maid said, "He's gone! He and George left about ten minutes ago for town."

I loved my husband and wanted him back. For a time life was quiet, but never happy. One day we were having twenty persons to luncheon. I went through the lower rooms to see whether everything was ready. I had seen some of the earlier of our guests coming up the driveway. I looked into the dining room. Every servant in the place was standing about that table.

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I asked the maid, who knew George well, whether she knew what was the matter. She said, "George must have told him you had let the nurse go because she didn't take the baby out yesterday."

I called the footman and told him to drive me down the road after Mr. Clayburgh. "He's going to do something foolish and I want to stop him," I said through my tears. The footman did his best for me, but we had a blowout and had to stop. I heard the train whistle. My husband was gone. I have not seen him since.

Persons who know my husband well have told me that he never lives with one wife more than eight years. I have overstayed my time. I have lived with him eleven years, so I exceeded my limit by three years.

But whether he has this eight-year matrimonial limit I doubt. He is fifty-eight years old. Surely, sometime a man gets past the marrying stage and inclination. My conviction is that our marriage plot went awry on the shock of the servant question.

My husband has told many persons that I am "as chaste as Diana and the most fascinating of women," but that he is through. He says we can't get along together. He promised me an allowance and kept it up for a time. I wouldn't consider divorce. He stopped my allowance. I sold my jewels and am living on what they brought me. Fortunately, I always kept up my music. In odd quarters of an hour, when I was waiting for someone or had dressed sadder than usual, I went to my piano and practised. My voice will earn my living and my little Alma's. I was willing that my husband should take our son, Albert, for the child's tastes are like his father's. He likes opera, temptation and wants things on a large scale. I kept our little girl, Alma. She is devoted to her mother. But I see Albert 21 occasionally.

I met Mr. Clayburgh while on a motor trip with friends. We stopped for him on Thirty-fourth street and took him for a day's jaunt. From the first he seemed mad about me. He told me almost at once that he loved me and was getting a divorce.

My parents didn't like him. They sent me to the Adirondacks. He wrote asking me to see him. I declined. He got my brother to take him up to the mountains and my brother arranged for us to meet.

His wooing was so ardent that he threatened to kill any other man whom he thought I might marry instead of him. We were wedded finally in Philadelphia with a second ceremony here. I didn't love him as well at first. But my love began after marriage. It was with me as Oscar Wilde said, "One does not love until after possession."

Yet all this ardent love has come to naught through machinations of servants. When I wouldn't go to Reno to get a divorce my husband foolishly tried to get one in New York. He got servants to make a list of all who called and has named them. The innocent male guests at my social afternoons are suffering this annoyance.

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Westward Farm, the Clayburgh Residence Near Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Where Mr. and Mrs. Clayburgh Quarreled Over the Nineteen Servants.

The Mystery of the Skeleton in the Hotel Baggage Room

Where Is the Other Suitcase with the Rest of the Body--- and What Is the Story of This Most Unusual Murder Problem of New York's Famous Mills Hotel

ON the morning of June 26 Mills Hotel No. 4, in New York, decided to hold a sale of all undated baggage that had been accumulating for five years in the cellar storage room. Mills Hotel No. 4 is a Seventh Avenue, Thirty-third Street, building, and it is the only one of its kind in New York, having no other money to provide them with the food and rest necessary to maintain the struggle to give shelter to those who, beaten back for a time upon the thresholds of gentility before being submerged. The Mills Hotel, as their philanthropic founder once remarked, "sets them going and coming."

Here a clean room may be had for thirty cents and a wholesome meal for half that sum. They are, in fact, cases from whose eastern border may be seen the promised land and on their western border the desert of the howling lodging houses, the gutter and filth. From them many of their guests go their way empty handed because they have not the small but necessary check-room fee to redeem their baggage from its temporary custodianship. Therefore, it was that the heaps of suitcases, hand carrels and bundles which had accumulated in the cellar of the Mills Hotel No. 4 during these five years made the porters stare with anticipated weariness.

But at 9 o'clock on the morning of June 26 these porters gathered in the cellar, not to force open all these little relics of aspirations, hopes and despair, abandoned by owners long vanished in oblivion. If the porters had not had their pensiveness blunted by long association with the gray cases of life many a romance, many a tragedy, perhaps even a crime, a grim face would have been read by them in the contents they were opening. There was a mass of manuscripts left behind by the writer who had come to storm Broadway with the most scathing of the youthful artist who had been told that he was too good for the country and that his proper place was in New York. A faded, pitiful little letter and a lock of shining, still fragrant hair within a tiny wallet waiting among clothes that had clearly belonged to a boy from the country—mute testimony of dreams that had ended—where?

All these and many more symbols of arrows that had fallen far short of the target at which they were aimed were there in abundance for the eyes of the porters to read—if they could.

At last they drew from the heap something that at once attracted their attention. It was a brown pigskin case of excellent quality.

"Don't see the fellow that owned that left it behind," said the porter who picked it up. "He could have zented \$10 on it anywhere and bought a cheap one for a dollar."

He balanced it in his hand. It was curiously heavy, and the leather work it came a curious rattling, dry, with a rustling undertone, strangely sinister. The porter then turned it over and under the brass catch a fure of the wrist and the lock was forced; the lid flew open. A sickening odor, an unmistakable, stunted smell arose. Shuddering and rigid the porters looked down into the suit case. All they could see was a mass of newspaper and cotton. One stretched his neck and overpowered the fog.

Out of it rolled a human skull, robed a little in weird resemblance of life, and came to rest close to the little bag of the unknown country boy who had carried with him into the city his sweetheart's lock of hair, the hair taken of her flower and her better.

The rest of the skull looked up at the Mills Hotel men, and now they saw that it was still clothed, partly with hair and flesh. A fringe of black hair about the base of the head gave it a grotesque aspect—and the tip of an ear still intact added the last touch to the gruesome scene. The porters fled in terror.

Five minutes the police were pouring into the suit case. They drew from it a broken bone and leg, a small and broken into sections in the bag. The head had been cut off level with the chin, the forearm and upper arm lay beside the hands had been half cut, then broken at the wrists, the bones were sawed and broken below the knees. The tip of the ankle had been cut half way through with a saw and then stopped. These bones were almost completely denuded, and marks upon them showed that the flesh had been stripped off with a knife. The bones themselves had been placed in the suit case.

The porters had been cautioned by wrapping them in raw cotton. Two towels had been used to pack them in addition to several newspapers bearing the date of September 12 and 27, 1915. The towels were fine and distinctly marked for foulness use. A solution of quicklime had been used on the cadaver—but it had been too weak to melt that which it touched, as flesh dried like parchment on the face, the ear, the lips and the chin showed.

Here were all the marks of a cold blooded, an unusual and an imagination stirring crime! And where was the missing part of the body? In what suit case did it hide? The work of looking through the dozens in the baggage will now be sent on swiftly, spurred by the greatest interest. But in none of the opened receptacles was the missing half of the murdered man!

Now was there one who remembered who had left the case. It bore a brass oval checkroom tag marked No. 1995. The records showed that it had been deposited some time in November, 1915. It had lain for a month in the checkroom and then had been sent to the cellar, where it had rested with its grisly contents for more than three and a half years. On one end were the initials "N. A." and on the other "A. W." An attempt had been made to obliterate both.

At once the police were confronted with a series of mysteries. Why had the murderer taken this extraordinary means of disposing of the fragments? There were at least a half dozen other ways of getting rid of them. There were the rivers. The case, weighted a little, could have been thrown there to disappear forever in the bottom mud. Within easy reach of New York are scores of out-of-the-way places where it could have been hidden or buried.

Why had the slayer taken this extraordinary method? Why had he checked the suitcase, thus causing an obvious risk of discovery through the accidental opening of the bag and subsequent identification by the clerk who had taken it? And why had he picked out the Mills Hotel?

What could be but one answer—he had expected to return for it. But, again, why? What possible incentive could there be for the preservation of the gruesome contents of the case?

Had it been, after all, no murder, but simply that a poor medical student had taken this means of disposing of his anatomical specimens for a time? Analysis of the manner in which the bones had been cut cut out at this point at rest. Eminent surgical experts unhesitatingly gave the words that several years had been done by hands ignorant of the faintest surgical knowledge. They had been sawed and broken for one purpose only—to fit in the suit case. A common hack saw had been used. The police were back exactly to where they were before.

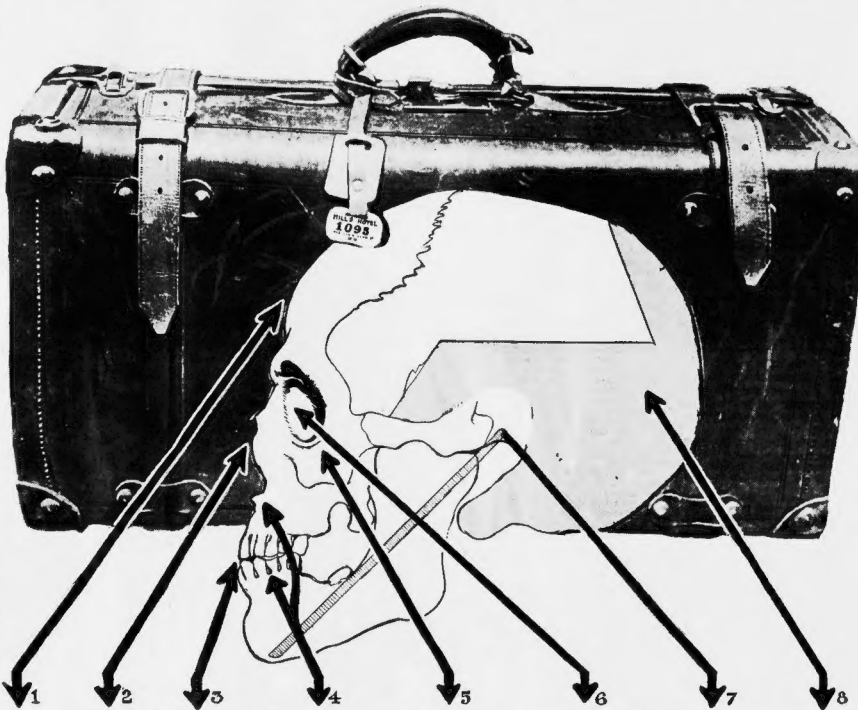
But stop—there was an hypothesis which had been put out of the way by command of some organization, some government, even, some executive council, perhaps of a body engaged in secret, sinister activities. Suppose it had been necessary for the executioner to bring proof that the killing had been done—carry in true ancient fashion the bones of the victim before those who had cut them off! Suppose there had been not one, but two in the murder, and that each had taken a part of the body to deliver? And suppose that had pressed by what mysterious emergency, one of these had found it necessary for a time to free himself from his burden. It is like any ordinary piece of luggage, did it until the time came when he could safely reclaim it; would explain the selection of the Mills Hotel. For it was known that place was the only one in the city where such baggage would remain un-

derurbed until the end of the war, the management having long ago decided to hold no use of unredempted effects in order to give ample time to men who might be in the service of any country to come back and claim them.

And what but this theory of intent to return explain the quick, time solution with which the fragments had been treated—a solution not strong enough to destroy the identification of the face, and yet strong enough to weaken the odor of dissolution.

Immediately a most detailed analysis of the remains was made. When it was over the police had evidence that the murdered man had been no ordinary person.

Measurement of the forehead showed it of unusual depth and breadth, denoting an over the average degree of mentality. The cheek bones were strong



A Photograph of the Murder Suitcase and a Diagram of the Points Upon Which the Police Built Up Their Reconstruction of the Murdered Man

1—Forehead Above Average, Showing Mental Intensity.

2—Nose wide and Flat; Almost Mongol Type.

3—Mouth Wide; Lips Thick, and Teeth Carefully Looked After. Dental Work Unusually Good.

4—Heavy Black Moustache, but Skin Underneath Was Worn.

5—Cheek Bones Strong and Prominent.

6—Large Orbital Cavities, Eyes Gone.

7—Part of Ear Preserved Shows They Were Large. Chin Long, Jaw Wide.

8—Patch of Hair Proves Man Reverse of Bald.

and prominent, signifying qualities of leadership. The eyes had gone. The nose, still in excellent preservation, had wide nostrils and flat nasal cavities, which with its low bridge, suggested a mongolian type—but not definitely. About the lips was a heavy black moustache. The mouth was wide, the lips thin.

The upper teeth revealed proof of excellent dental work; the two central incisors false and of porcelain, the two adjacent incisors capped, the right with gold and the left with porcelain. Careful and unusual bristwork gave undeniable evidence that the victim had taken pride in his appearance, while the character of workmanship was a re-creation of a man that of a man of five feet ten inches in height, muscular, fairly built and of aggressive, dominant type. He was black-haired, dark-skinned and flat-faced. He had been of unusual height, well-

dressed and careful of his personal appearance. Not a tramp, not a "down and out"—just the type of man, in fact, to fit in with that theory of having been alone away with because dangerous to the workings of same secret power?

So much for what is called the internal evidence given out by the fragments themselves. What now remains is to ascertain what dark forces, working for who can tell what aims, decreed the crime. Had the unknown been a agent of some government, a stammering block in the crooked path of another? Surely he was slain in 1915—and then America was the hotbed of conspiracies and hidden wickedness. Had he discovered secrets that were his death warrant? Had whoever it was destroyed the slayers upon his body so devious of certainty of his fate that those slayers were ordered to bring back the body as proof that he had been done away with?

And had the assassin, after carrying out their orders, been hard pressed by equally desperate associates of their victim, forced to separate, to flee and to hide for a time? Had these pursuers tracked the man who checked the suit case and sent his soul out into the void when he sunk into the baggage room of the Mills Hotel? Had his accomplice escape with the bag that held the other parts of the body?

It has been said that there were towels clearly designed for a woman's use found with the body—dirty and luxurious towels. Had the dead man been decorated to a beauty's boudoir, betrayed perhaps by passion—for the lips show him to have been passionate—was it there that his head and legs and arms were hacked from him?

It is that among the relics of falling at this caravanserai of the struggling of his life, he must know that it had been found the fact had not been sure? It is more than possible.

It may be, too, that here the police are groping among the mazes of some deep Celestial intrigue. Could he have been the victim of the avenging Tong—those secret Chinese societies which group a mob of the United States and control gambling, opium traffic and the smuggling of immigrants within the borders of the United States? Possibly, but who a certain Tong decrees that a hated member of a rival Tong shall

die he is most often dispatched with a bullet fired from a window in a Chinese neighborhood where all lips are sealed. Was he a trusted secret ambassador carrying messages back and forth—a man engaged in dangerous intelligence work for the benefit of one of the many factions which are constantly intriguing, one against the other, in Asia and Europe.

Was he a traitor? Or was he the victim of a swift tragedy of hot human passions—done to death in an anonymous intrigue?

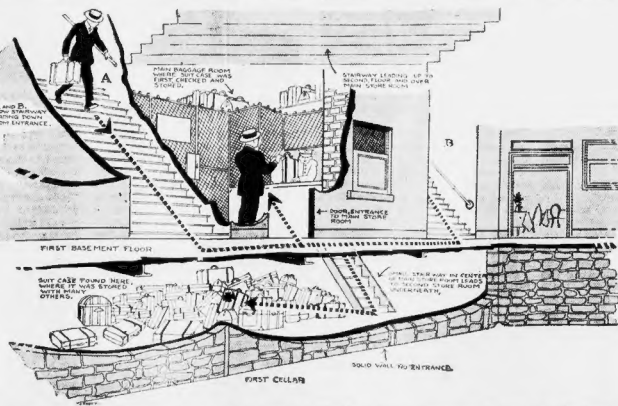
But if the last, then why the suit case with its unsavory suggestion of something to be saved? Why the Mills Hotel? Unquestionably the clue to the mystery lies in the reasoning that selected this particular place for hiding the case. The carrier must have known well that peril was close behind him; knew that if his records the successful killing were to be preserved he must quickly rid himself of them. Why did he not go to some other hotel? Here again is evidence of knowledge of the customs in the more expensive of the hotels. He could not enter one of these and go forth if leaving his baggage behind him perishes indignantly. As long as he could pay his room rent it would, of course, be safe. But if he had to remain under cover for any length of time, or found it impossible to appear at the desk to pay, the caretaker, he knew, would soon be opened and what was within disclosed. So it would have been if he had checked it at a railroad station—as in some cases has been done.

But the Mills Hotel, catering to its peculiar, drifting clientele, was exactly the place a pursued man could rid himself of his handiwork and have full assurance that it would be kept for months, untouched and without question.

And having placed it there he vanished—where and to what fate?

It might be, of course, that if he lives and as the weeks went by during which he was forced to keep in hiding he feared when release came to claim it. He might not have been all sure of the deplorable effect of his time. He must know that if it had been found the fact had not been sure? It is more than possible.

It may be, too, that here the police are groping among the mazes of some deep Celestial intrigue. Could he have been the victim of the avenging Tong—those secret Chinese societies which group a mob of the United States and control gambling, opium traffic and the smuggling of immigrants within the borders of the United States? Possibly, but who a certain Tong decrees that a hated member of a rival Tong shall



A Diagram of the Baggage Room and Cellar of Mills Hotel No. 3, Illustrating Where the Murderer Made His Entrance and Where the Murder Suitcase Lay for Almost Four Years.

For a While New Field of Feminine Charm?

The New "Bare-Back" Dresses and Their Startling Proof
That the Fashion Designers Have Discovered
a Much Wider Opportunity
Than Decollete for
the Exercise of Their Art

THE new "bare-back" gowns recently appearing in Paris and London have attracted much comment and discussion. Sitting behind a woman in bare-back dress at a theatre it is very much as if she was sitting in her bathtub. A movement is on foot to suppress this extreme of fashion and, on the other hand, it is stoutly defended as opening up a new and entirely proper field for exploiting feminine charm.

If decollete is artistic, beautiful and acceptable, why not display the back? And in studying this new opportunity the dress designers have found less physics, limitation than confronts them in decollete. The following interesting article by President Shulhof, of the Associated Dress Industries of America explains the designer's point of view.

By Otto B. Shulhof.
(President of the Associated Dress Industries of America, Member Paris and London Chambers of Commerce, etc., etc.)

THE true aim of fashion is threefold: To make any woman look prettier, more charming, daintier and more alluring than she is; to maintain a really pretty woman's prettiness of prettiness up to its reality, to set off properly the beauty.

And three other factors go hand in hand with these: To give the woman the confidence in herself that only a perfectly designed and adapted gown can give—it was the great English philosopher Herbert Spencer who quotes the lady who told him that "a wadding dress gave her the peace beyond understanding that not even religion could;" to arouse the admiration of the male; to arouse the envy of the female.

Now, to do all this is no small task—yet it is what the fashion creators have been trying to do and doing more or less successfully for centuries. Further, there enters the great complication—the incessant necessity for change in fashion.

The prophets of efficiency always inveigh against the changing of fashions. They ascribe it to the lust for wealth of the fabric manufacturers, who see to it that designs are shifted so they can get rid of material faster, or the covetousness of the dressmakers, who by shifting of the styles prevent a dress from being worn more than one season. They are wrong. If you could once standardize a dress that would accomplish fashion's three aims there would be none more pleased than manufacturers and dressmakers, for what they might lose in decreased sales they would more than make up in reduction of production expense.

No—the real reason is that the mind demands change. A beauty who is held always by those who know her is exactly the same dress soon ceases to seem a beauty. There is nothing more wonderful than the stars—yet how few there are who appreciate them. We get used to them. But if the stars could change color every night, surround themselves with this and that changing halo of luminosity, the fireworks business would go out of the market!

Women has to keep calling attention to herself all the time. She can't say: "Here, look how pretty I am." Her dresses have to say that for her. And the same old dress soon loses its voice.

This brings me to the bare back and its whyfore. The painter has a whole world and the world of his imagination besides to draw from; the musician has an infinite combination of sounds.

But the dress creator has only so many square inches of human skin to work upon! Nor does the difference between the thinnest woman and the plumpiest add much surface to his or her palette. And even this skin, small as it is in comparison to the fields of painter and musician, how can I put it—restricted areas.

For decades we have been in a time of cover-up clothes. It started early in Victoria's reign. Before that there was never such a time of undress as followed the French Revolution. And before that, in Puritan England, was another period of covering up. Preceding that was an era of sensuality, and before that Queen Elizabeth's ladies hid all except the smallest point at the neck with gigantic ruffs. And so on, ever alternating, back, no doubt, ten thousand years.

The Victorian prejudices were hard to overcome. They lasted longer in America than they did in England, curiously enough. Up to comparatively a few years ago the ball dresses and evening dresses showed little below the neck, nothing above the instep. Then fashion, seeing the world becoming more and more of a democracy, did away with the long sleeves, cut out the humps, brought the dress closer and closer to the lines of the body, finally cut out the sleeves and compromised on long gloves.

After that they daringly showed the arm, then the front of the dress began to creep down—and it crept and it crept and it crept.

About three years ago it crept as far as could, keeping in mind that which I have

called restricted areas. And it was then, before the war, that the eyes of fashion, always spurred on by that necessity for change, rested timidly on the back. First there was a little lowering, then a really bold attack that resulted in a V shape at least three inches deep.

But the back had been discovered. Down, steadily down it went, shoulder straps held up the retreating bodice, straps that grew steadily longer. It is true that they were of not so much practical use. But they did preserve the illusion of partial clothing of the shoulders. The retreat was checked during the war, maybe because America had no intention of backing down anywhere, but most probably because then fashion was secondary. When the war was closed the back leaped right out of shoulder straps to where it is now.

What is the reason? I've said it—the necessity for change, the smallness of the human palette, the unfortunate limitation of the number of square inches of skin.

Now let us consider for a moment the question—is a bare back improper? Well—is it? What is it? After all but cuticle, moulded in certain curves by muscle and bone beneath it, fine grained or coarse grained, charmingly tinted or not so charmingly tinted, I must believe it is only improper when it is ugly—but that is neither here nor there.

What is there about the presentation of it that is improper?

Someone has said that morals are a matter of geography. I don't exactly believe that, but I do believe that the matter of how much or how little of the human body is proper or improper to show depends on—geography and also a little element of time. It is, or, rather, was, until recently, shameful for a Turkish woman to show either face or hands. She had to be swathed like a mummy from head to foot before men not of her household. The ancient Carthaginian woman could go almost unclad so long as her hair was covered. The Java girl is clothed so long as she wears a short skirt and a couple of loose, spirally-wound copper leglets and bracelets. If she is seen without those bracelets she is as badly off as we are in those awful dreams when we enter a trolley car with nothing on but a palama jacket. I might multiply instances by the hundred.

After all, what is proper or improper is largely in the eye of the beholder. Speaking purely philosophically, I do not believe that a bare back is improper per se. If the spectacle shocks, it is because it is new to the eye. When the eye gets used to it the bare back will cause no more sensation than a bare hand. When that happens fashion will have to make it barer—or ingeniously cover it up.

How, you ask, can fashion make it barer—and how much barer? You can answer that question as well as I can. Back in ancient Greece the girls wore robes that in walking revealed the leg up to the waist—and nobody held up their heads or wrote tracts about it. In the time of Louis the Fourteenth of France the decollete was far below what we would unhesitatingly call the limit—but no one seemed to notice it.

They had a very fine civilization in ancient Crete. The women there, the sculptures and wall paintings show, wore dresses that wouldn't look amiss in Fifth Avenue—and their decollete the court of Louis the Fourteenth might have copied as a model. Of course, the court didn't.

But it all shows that the human mind keeps mulling around in the same old groove. And when you get used to a thing something new is provided—only it isn't thought new, it's the same old thing they thought new a thousand years ago when they got tired of the same old thing.

I except from this the bare back as it appears in fashion today. In the absence of evidence to the contrary, that does seem new as it is now being presented. There are no sculptures of paintings or remains, so far as I know, that show it is an article of fashion in any age. They did have something like it in the (sixth dynasty of Egypt).

But at the same time the utter absence of decollete—mean their dresses begun from the waist and ran down. So that is hardly a comparison.

If a back is pretty, charmingly curved, beautifully textured and colored—why not show it? Then make it a part of fashion to bring out its points, to frame it becomingly, to amplify and intensify its charm.

And where's the limit of propriety? At the top of the shoulder blades? Then why?

At the base of the shoulder blades? Why?

Half way down the spine? Why again? Down to the floating ribs? All right, why?

But whether proper or improper, there is one thing you can be sure of—an woman who hasn't a beautiful back will show it.

It is true that the opening up of the back presents an almost unlimited field for the dress creators. They can frame it in a thousand different shapes and colors. They can go up and down it all day long. Its possibilities end only with the back.

Perhaps there may be an era of tattooing. Who knows? The old beauty market that the women used to fix here and there were just shy sign posts pointing to the charms they wanted people to notice. The backs offer a wonderful canvas for this form of art—not permanent tattooing, perhaps, but dainty little washable sketches that, while calling attention to the quality of what they decorate, serve also to amuse and instruct the observer. I wouldn't be surprised.

Of one thing you can be certain—fashion never yet made a woman wear a style she didn't want. If the women like the bare backs, you'll see them until that change factor gets busy. If they don't want them—they're dead already.

Don't blame the designers. The responsibility is on the wearers. There's a homely old saying that you can drive a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. You can show a woman a bare-back dress—but you can't make her put it on unless she wants to.

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The Two Large and Interesting Photographs Show, Respectively, the Limit to Which Decollete Has Been Carried and the Much Wider Scope Afforded by the Feminine Back. They Are the "Very Last Word" in the Bare-Back Dress. The Smaller Photograph Shows a Variant of the Fashion in Which the Bodice is Supported by Modest Shoulder Straps.

The Little Line Pictures Illustrate, with Necessarily Many Lapses, the Advance of the Back. First the High Ruff of Queen Elizabeth's Day That Gave a Mere Glimpse of Decollete and Entirely Covered the Back; Then, in Queen's Victoria's Time the Square Bodice That Came Almost Up to the Base of the Neck; Then the First Timid Low-Cut Back, the More Courageous One Following and at Last the Point It Has Reached Today—Held Up in the Front Only by the Delicate Strands of a Necklace.



Raul Reginald de Veulle, who was sharply questioned about his relations with Billie Carleton.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued from Last Sunday)
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THE inquest into the mysterious death of Billie Carleton, the popular Haymarket Theatre star, after the gaieties of the great Victory Ball in London last November had led through a maze of testimony and finally reached a very strange character—Mr. Raul Reginald de Veulle. Pursuing his inquiry of de Veulle, which had begun at a previous session of the court, Coroner Odile resumed his questions thus:

THE CORONER: Coming to the night of the Victory Ball. Did Miss Longfellow speak to you then about cocaine and Miss Carleton?

REGGIE DE VEULLE: Yes. She met me first of all with my wife and asked where Billie was. Later she saw me dancing with Billie and she said, "I hope you are not giving her any cocaine." I said, "Don't be a fool."

Q. Why should she say it?
A. She says so many things like that. She has said many things to my wife. I said, "Don't be a fool, Melvina. You know perfectly well I don't give her any." I deny saying I had only been giving her a little lately.

Q. Has de Veulle asked you for cocaine?
A. Many times.
Q. Pressed you?
A. Yes.
Q. When did she ask last?
A. Very near the Victory Ball. I never gave her any. I always made out I could not get it.

Q. Did she ask you for some for the ball?
A. Yes. I think it was when she came to visit my aunt on the Saturday. I always used to say, "All right, I'll try," but I never got it. Then she wanted to go to Chinatown. She said, "Very well, I'll go to Chinatown and you're coming with me." I said I would not. I did not mean to try to get it.

Q. Why should she go there if you had promised to try to get some?
A. I don't know. She wanted to go and smoke. I expect. She said, "We will go down to Belcher's." I said, "It's very late," and she said, "It doesn't matter; they won't mind." We went, but nothing happened. We did not ask for cocaine, and I did not see her again until the Wednesday.

Q. Did you ask "McGinty" to sign the telegram to Belcher in order to hide your tracks?
A. No. I have sent others and signed them myself. The reason I wanted a second supply of cocaine was because the \$25 lot was so tiny.

Q. That cocaine was for you?
A. Yes.
Q. Do you want large quantities for yourself on two successive days?
A. It was not large.
Q. It was \$25 worth?
A. It was in this box (producing a little silver box).

Q. Did you get this full on the Monday?
A. Yes. (Producing Miss Carleton's gold box). There are nine grains here, and it is quite a small amount to look at. Do you mean that you take nine grains in a day?
A. Oh, no, I do not take it at all.

Q. (Picking up a little phial and holding it up to de Veulle). Look, here in this little bottle is a fatal dose—this little quantity. What do you think of that? Look at it.
A. (De Veulle gazed at it in silence for a few seconds and then quietly said) Then I ought to be dead.

Q. You ought to be dead?
A. Yes, if it is a fatal dose.
Q. You say that that box full is not sufficient for you for twenty-four hours?
A. Oh, well, I took some out and I left it on my dressing table in paper, and it was found there by my wife.

Q. Why did you say you wanted a good supply for the Victory Ball if the cocaine was all for you?
A. Because I knew you could not get a single drink

her again. She had employed "McGinty," who was sharply questioned about his relations with Billie Carleton.

Q. What was in the letter that you sent to Miss Carleton by "McGinty"?
A. I cannot remember.
Q. I suggest to you that the \$25 was money that you asked Miss Carleton for to get cocaine for both of you?
A. I deny that absolutely.

Q. Miss Carleton had been asking you to get her cocaine?
A. Yes.
Q. Why did you telephone to her to call at Hockley's on the morning of the Victory Ball?
A. Because there had been a serious row between my wife and me. I wanted her to see my wife. I wanted them to see each other.

Q. Was it to make up a quarrel?
A. Yes.
Q. About you?
A. (De Veulle turned to the body of the court and said): "Need I answer?" He almost immediately replied "Yes."

Q. I thought the quarrel was made up?
A. Miss Carleton got into a frightful temper and walked out.
Q. You got \$25 from her and got the cocaine?
A. For me.

Q. You say "for me," but she wanted cocaine; she gets a telephone message; she comes round to you in a taxicab. At that time this gold box was empty; later it was full. What inference do you draw?
A. Nothing.

Q. Nothing at all?
A. Nothing at all.
Q. You remember after the inquest began in December Belcher came to see you?
A. Yes, with his lawyer.

Q. Did Belcher ask you if you had given Miss Carleton any cocaine?
A. Yes; I said I had not.
Q. He says you said nothing?
A. Well, then, I agree with that. There is nothing in that.

Q. Oh, there's a lot in it. Silence generally means consent. Did you answer the question?
A. I don't remember.
Q. Is he telling the truth or not?
A. If he says so he probably is. I don't remember.

Q. It is very unsatisfactory to take two answers from you?
A. I cannot say what I did say.
Q. What else was said?
A. I said, "For God's sake, don't say anything about her because it will drag her in the gutter."

Q. What did he know about her?
A. He knew she took drugs. I thought it was not necessary for the whole world to know.
Q. Did you say "I am going to say nothing"?
A. Yes, I did.

Q. Did you tell "McGinty" to say nothing?
A. I did.
Q. Why?
A. Because she had made a great deal of mischief between my wife about Miss Carleton and myself, and I was afraid she would say all these things outside. It was nothing to do with drugs at all.

Q. Did you threaten you would turn her out into the street and let the child starve?
A. I did not say the child should starve. I said, "If you say more about Miss Carleton I will make you pay for it." "McGinty" knows it was not about drugs, and she knows absolutely well what I said.

Q. Were you not very nervous when you found Miss Carleton had died?
A. I was very unhappy.
Q. Were you nervous?
A. Not a bit.

Q. When the police first visited you you were not to mention Miss Carleton, were you not?

there. It was for myself. I was with my wife and two ladies, and not with Miss Carleton at all.

Q. What did the letters contain that you wrote to Mr. Belcher and Miss Carleton?
A. The letter to Miss Carleton was to ask for the loan of \$25 and the letter to Belcher was for cocaine.

Q. Why did you tell "McGinty" that if Miss Carleton wanted her to come back from Belcher's to her "McGinty" was only to let her have half?
A. That is untrue.

Q. Can you suggest any reason why "McGinty" should invent that?
A. I do not know. I can give no suggestion.

Q. You see the difficulty and the inference that may be drawn?
A. Yes. "McGinty" was told not to go into Miss Carleton's dressing room because Miss Carleton never wished to speak to her again.

Q. What was in the letter that you sent to Miss Carleton by "McGinty"?
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Q. What else was said?
A. I said, "For God's sake, don't say anything about her because it will drag her in the gutter."

Q. What did he know about her?
A. He knew she took drugs. I thought it was not necessary for the whole world to know.

Q. Did you say "I am going to say nothing"?
A. Yes, I did.

Q. Did you tell "McGinty" to say nothing?
A. I did.

Q. Why?
A. Because she had made a great deal of mischief between my wife about Miss Carleton and myself, and I was afraid she would say all these things outside. It was nothing to do with drugs at all.

Q. Did you threaten you would turn her out into the street and let the child starve?
A. I did not say the child should starve. I said, "If you say more about Miss Carleton I will make you pay for it." "McGinty" knows it was not about drugs, and she knows absolutely well what I said.

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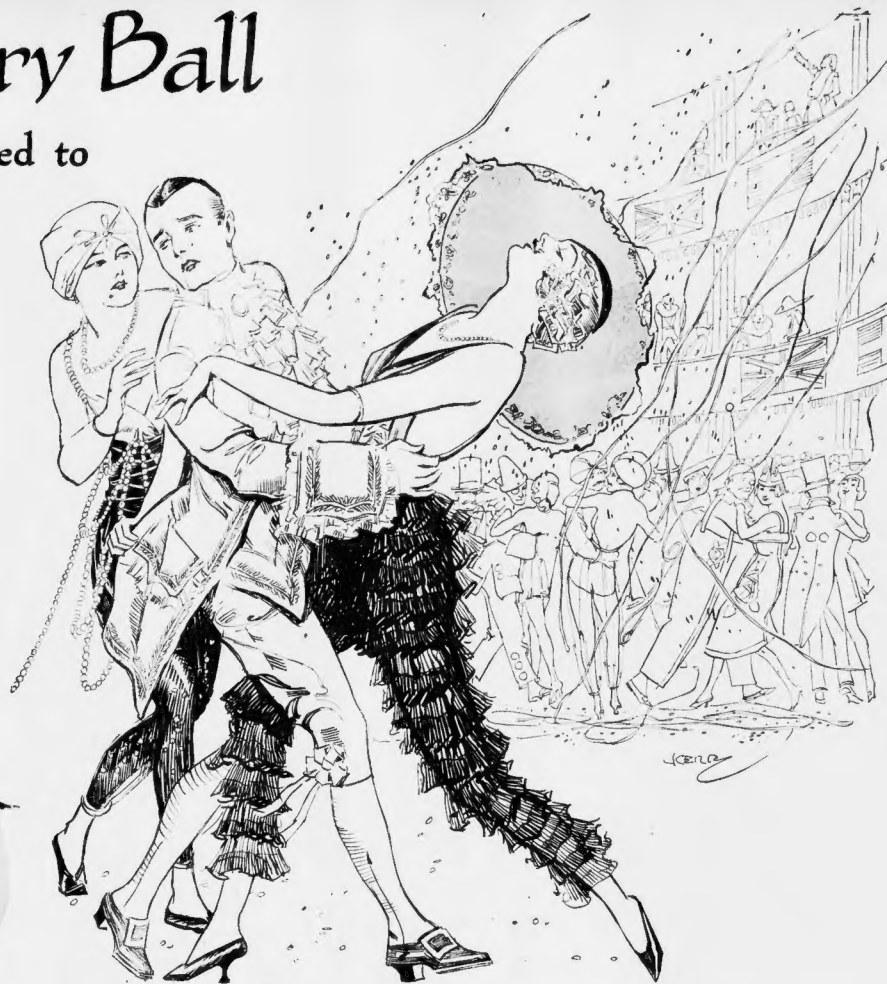
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The Gay Victory Ball

erpusly Poisoned, Has Led to
Which Have Startled
Up



On the night of the Victory Ball Miss Malvina Longfellow, the actress, saw de Veulle dancing with Billie Carleton and said to him, "I hope you did not give her any cocaine." Somebody did give the vivacious young actress the drug that evening which caused her death a few hours later.

PHOTO
BY SHARPS
LONDON.

Were you a frequent visitor?
Yes.
Was she addicted to drugs?
Mr. Chatterton intervened with the remark:
"It is unfair to the lady, surely."
HAYES: It is; I cannot help it, but you are not
ing for her. (To de Veulle) Don't you know it
she knowledge and published in the newspapers
ied from drugs in New York?
Then Lord Rosslyn married her she took drugs,
ure I know her. Every one in the West End
she took drugs years before I knew her.
Don't suggest that Lord Rosslyn induced her
not
not at all. I simply say that when Lord Ross-
her she took drugs, and everybody knew it in
West End.
Did not take drugs with her?
Did not touched drugs in my life before I went to
London.
You get into some trouble over the death of
her in New York?
No, whatever.
You to leave New York? Were you deported?
I not there. I was in England when she died.
I sorted. There is no question of it, either the
not and time. No question whatever.
or that to Belcher that you were on very friendly
with a well-known theatrical manager. I do not
ation names, but you know the gentleman I
him to Miss Gina Palermo, and she is per-
son come forward. She told me I could see
reac-
ano.

Q. Were you on friendly terms with a leading theat-
rical manager?
A. I am with all of them. I do all their dresses.
Q. There is a leading theatrical manager who has a
share or interest in Hockley's?
A. Probably; it has nothing to do with me.
Q. Did you tell Belcher that this manager might do
great things for him?
A. No, I said that I would take him to see Mile. Gina
Palermo. I did not say that I would take him to this man.
Q. Did you tell Belcher that you might get him an
engagement through this man?
A. Certainly not.
Q. After that Belcher started supplying you with
cocaine?
A. Very soon after I met him. He only gave me little
quantities of cocaine. I don't think I have given him \$75
in my life, and I owe him a "five," which makes only
\$100 altogether.
Q. Belcher said that after dangling this theatrical
manager before his eyes he started supplying you with
cocaine?
A. No.
Q. But he did start supplying you?
A. Yes.
Q. Did Miss Billie Carleton take drugs before she
met you?
A. Yes, years before.
Q. Was it for the purpose of making money that you
had these cocaine dealings with Miss Carleton?
A. I have had no cocaine dealings with Miss Carleton.
Q. She supplied you?
A. She occasionally gave me some.
Q. Did you continue these conversations for the pur-

pose that she was to destroy her body or soul, and that
you were to be a party to it?
A. It is too ridiculous a question to answer. I was
profoundly fond of her.
MR. HAYES: I quite agree it was a ridiculous ques-
tion. I never thought I should be in a case where it was
necessary to put such questions.
THE CORONER: Or the coroner have pa-
tience to listen to them. (Laughter.)
MR. HAYES: I suggest Miss Carleton associ-
ated with you because she knew you were a
notorious trafficker in drugs?
DE VEULLE: I am not a trafficker in drugs.
Q. How about your relations with Belcher?
A. (Appealing to the coroner) That is not
trafficking, is it, sir?
THE CORONER: I do not see any distinc-
tion.
MR. MYERS: Is it offensive to you to say that you
have appeared in the dress of women?
A. Yes, never in my life.
Q. You say that Miss Carleton took you to Kimful.
Did he ever supply you with drugs?
A. No, nor has he supplied Miss Carleton, as far as I
know. Miss Carleton never said it.
Q. You have been to Kimful's flat?
A. Yes, many times, and he has been to mine.
Q. Have you any sort of suggestion to make against
Kimful at all?
A. None whatever.
Q. Was the note sent by McGinty to Kimful a request
for cocaine?
A. No, it was an invitation to dinner.
Q. Do you know Kimful made a statement contra-
dicting what you say?
A. I do not.
MR. MYERS then produced a book in which he said
appeared the names of two gentlemen—Maurice and
Reggie.
Q. Are you Reggie?
A. I suppose I am.
Q. Do you know who Maurice was?
A. I do not.
Q. Are you the hero of this book?
A. I believe I am.
THE CORONER: Did you write it yourself?
A. No.
MR. MYERS: The book is a pretty good description
of some of your adventures, is it not?
A. Well, I should say they were very much exag-
gerated.
Q. It is rather a nasty book in the hands of clean peo-

ple, is it not?
A. I don't know.
MR. CHATTERTON: If you have read the book per-
haps you can tell what it is. I don't think my client
ought to be asked to describe the book at all.
MR. MYERS: Were you at a party in which a num-
ber of men appeared dressed in women's clothes?
A. I don't remember it.
Q. Were you at a party which was broken up by
people who threw stones at the men masquerading in
women's clothes?
A. No.
Q. What was it that attracted Miss Billie Carleton to
you so much?
A. My beauty, I suppose.
Q. I ask you to remember that you are present at an
inquest and that you have pretended to be very sorry at
this lady's death.
A. I am.
Q. Now, I must ask you again. What was it that
attracted Miss Carleton to you so much?
A. It is really an extraordinary question.
MR. CHATTERTON: I must object to that question.
THE CORONER: You can see what he is driving at.
Was it cocaine that attracted Miss Billie Carleton to you?
DE VEULLE: Certainly not.
MR. MYERS: You spent a fair amount of your time
in the evenings in West End restaurants?
A. With my wife.
Q. You could not take your wife and Miss Carleton
about on \$2,500 a year?
A. I said between us my wife and I were earning
\$5,000 a year.
Q. You could not run your home and run Miss Car-
leton about on that?
A. I have a very small flat.
Q. How often were you out with Miss Carleton?
A. Quite a lot.
Q. And who paid?
A. I paid sometimes, and she paid sometimes at res-
taurants. My wife was nearly always there.
Q. Did your wife object to your friendship with Miss
Carleton?
A. She did, but that was just at the end.
Q. From how many ladies in London have you bor-
rowed money?
A. Two.
At this point the inquest was adjourned, and was con-
tinued next morning with de Veulle still on the witness
stand.

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

"Iced-Tea" Gowns by Lady Duff-Gordon



Goudoir
Attire
for
the
Tea
Hour.

A Tea Gown Built Upon the Lines of
the Ancient Roman Togas.

A Seemingly Simple Combination of White Charmeuse and White
Lace in Informal Attire.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion. Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon

("LUCILE")

THE gowns here displayed are of such informal character that they and others like them have been termed "Iced-Tea" Gowns.

The large middle picture is that of a combination of painted black chiffon with white chiffon. The black chiffon robe, with its large painted figure, has something of the dignity of a robe worn by the stately matrons of Rome when that city was at its acme of greatness. The sweeping folds of the sombre-hued chiffon drapery lend this illusion. The design of baskets of fruit, roughly sketched, impressionistic baskets, deepens the illusion. The lines have somewhat of the majesty of the Roman toga. The black chiffon is worn over a slip of white chiffon. The neck is cut low and rounding. The high girdle is of folds of white satin. Bands of the satin ornament the sleeves. A fine ruffle of narrow lace is a dainty accessory. Between folds of the black robe glimpses of the snowy white slip appear.

Of chaste and artistic simplicity is the gown exhibited in the lower left-hand picture. White charmeuse, nearest correspondence among fabrics to snow, is the foundation. The jacket of white lace is built into it. Wide white satin cuffs give a further air of elegance to the chaste-as-Diana attire. The upstanding edge of lace that borders the jacket and cuffs, the band of white satin about the neck and front and the flat silk ornament that fastens the coat at the waist are touches that prove the carefully thought out plan of the garment, a forethought that marks the difference between the successful creation and the just-missed-it apparel.

The third costume shows the possibilities of development of white lace and satin in combination. Over a straight slip of the white lace is worn a long white satin coat. It is cut in straight lines and of ankle length. A wide space in front discloses the lace slip. A high Directoire belt passes through the sides and fastens it at the front. The sleeves are large, long and loose. There are two large, square pockets.

The Red Lady ~ by Katharine Newlin Burt

A MYSTERIOUS message thrust into her hand on a New York street leads Janice Gale to take the position of housekeeper at Mrs. Theodore Brane's Southern home, The Pines. She is amazed to see the fear which the sight of her flaming red-gold hair excites in little Robbie Brane. The household is aroused almost nightly by the boy's screams of terror at a red-haired woman, and his nerves are set on edge because of queer noises and other things that make the servants think the house is haunted. Soon after Miss Gale's arrival Paul Dabney comes to examine the late Mr. Brane's Russian library. Robbie dies one night in a fit of terror, clutching in his hand a strand of red gold hair. Dabney drags Janice from her room to the boy's bedside and confronts her with what he evidently believes conclusive proof of her responsibility for the tragedy. But even his cruel suspicions cannot shake the love she has begun to feel for Dabney. Mrs. Brane confides to Janice that her husband left great wealth, but that she does not know where it is hidden. In the library, late one night, Janice is startled by the appearance of a woman who is her exact double. With this clue to the mystery to work on, she determines to unearth whatever villain is on foot. She learns of a plot to kill Dabney and saves his life at the risk of her own. That night Janice sees her detested double in the mirror. The next morning a letter is found there. Janice surmises it was lost by her double as she sat with Paul Dabney. In the note the writer offers to translate a certain mysterious paper which Janice had previously taken from its secret hiding place in the library. Janice slips away to town where she meets a renegade Russian priest who translates the Slavonic script for her. After memorizing this, she destroys it. On her way home she is bound and cruelly beaten by her double, who is engaged at not finding on her the paper she seeks. The next night, by a clever maneuver, Janice evades the watchers, gains admission to the secret wall and finds the much sought treasure—an ecclesiastical robe and crown thickly encrusted with jewels. Before she can carry them away, her double appears and overpowers her. While she is bound and gagged the girl learns that this creature is her own mother.

CHAPTER XV. (Continued.) The Secret of the Kitchen Closet.

THE woman began to talk again. "Yes," she said, "I am your mother. My name was Wanda Tour, and I married Sergius Gale, who was your father. I am Polish-French, and he was Russian-French."

"When I married him he was an innocent, little pale-faced student at the University of Moscow. I was only sixteen myself, training for a dancer, acting—a clever, abused, gifted young waif, and fairly innocent, too, though I'd already been light-fingered and skilful at all sorts of tricks."

"I think I was in love with Sergius at that rate. I was anxious to escape from the trainer, who was a brute. But Sergius began to bore me; O, my God! how insufferably he bored me! And he was so weakly, weak, womanish than most men, and, the Lord knows, they're mostly made of butter, or milk-and-water mixtures. And you bored me dreadfully, too; the very thought of you before you came filled me with a real distaste for life."

"By the time you made your squalling entrance into the world I had got myself into rather complicated trouble, and managed to make a scapegoat of your father, the poor fool! It was a sharp business, and it might have made us both rich, but I was clumsier then than I am now, and Sergius was a hindrance. It didn't quite go through, and I had to make a get-away, a quick one. I've made some even quicker since then."

"After he'd spent some sobering and salutary months in a Russian prison your father came out, reformed and completely cured of his passion for red-haired virgins with a natural taste for crime. I've often wondered how he treated you, little miniature of myself as you were even in your cradle. I don't believe you had a very comfortable childhood, Janice."

"The cruellest thing I ever did, and the wickedest, was to let you come into the world, or, having let you come, to allow you to remain here. I ought to have put you out of your misery before it had really begun. You wouldn't be lying here shaking. You wouldn't have to pay the piper for me, as I fear I shall be forced to make you pay before I leave you tonight."

"I hate to do it. I honestly do. There must be a soft spot left in somewhere, but there's no use. Making it's got to be done. It's too good a chance to miss. I can give out my past as though I had been written on a slate. You can't blame me yourself, Janice. The jewels mean wealth, and your death means my freedom."

"When they find you here—and they will find you—they will think that they have found my corpse don't you see? Even Malda, even no Baron, even Jaffai, even the priest, will swear to it—just see. If you hadn't been so clever, or a little bit cleverer, you wouldn't have played my game or you'd have taken more pains to keep your plan a secret from me."

"Once I was sure you didn't think our doublet ghost, I began to as-

pect you; when you pulled out that lover of yours—the laundress, and even in my misery I felt the sting of anger and of shame—not mine. I should say—when you pulled him out of the mud, why, I found myself able to read you like a child's first primer."

"O, you've been a nuisance to me, kept me on pins and needles. I knew you wouldn't quite dare to search the house. I suppose you guessed that would mean the end of your life, but you've certainly given me some unhappy minutes. That fool of a Baron, blabbing out his secret to you—but I made it all work out to my satisfaction."

"They've nabbed the Baron and the priest, I suppose they'll get Malda tonight; Jaffai will be caught sometime in his bed"—she chuckled—"and there's an end to all my partners, all the fools that

alive. If I hadn't got back to you tonight you'd be a thief dying out into the world. Perhaps your dying tonight is the best thing that could happen to you. I don't know. Looking back—well, it's hard to say."

"She sat there thinking, forgetful of me, and I opened my miserable eyes and stared hopelessly at the clear, hard profile, so beautiful, so evil, so uncrabbedly merciless. She had been sixteen when I was born, twenty years ago. She was now only thirty-six, and yet, her face was almost old. She turned upon me again with her chilly smile."

"You don't look pleased to see your mother, my dear. Perhaps I was a little rough with you at our first interview, but you've been spared a great many worse thrashings by having been separated from

them at such an early age. I have a devilish temper, as you know. I'd probably have bargained you to death before you were out of your pinafores."

"I'd like to hear your history—O, I've kept track of its outlines. I always thought you might some day be useful—but I don't dare take that handkerchief of your mouth. That handkerchief belonged to my second husband, the Comte de

she rubbed her lips angrily, a curious, to me inexplicable, gesture.

"But it's a poor joke for you, my girl. Playing your hand alone against a lot of hardened old hands like us is a fool's work. That's what it is! Did you think I'd let you run off with a fortune under my very nose? No, you'll have to pay for that insolence. Daughter or no daughter, you'll have to pay. At least, I'll be saving your soul

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"Suddenly I leaped to my feet, snatched the candlestick of gold that stood at the Virgin's right hand and cracked the skull of the kneeling acolyte."

robe. I didn't tell Brane, though he was a thief himself, cashiered from the British army for looting in India. I thought this scheme would be a bit too stiff for him."

"I went alone to Moscow, and I became the most pious frequenter of them, the most devout of worshippers, a generous patron to all drowning priests. And there was one, one with a big, oval Christ-face, that I meant to corrupt. He was rotten to the core, anyway, a greyish-white sepulchre. If ever there was one, I met him as that he cringed at my feet. He was a white, soft worm—ugh! I chose him for the scapegoat."

"That's the real secret of my success, Janice. I never forgot to provide a scapegoat, someone upon whom the police were bound to tumble headlong at the very first investigation. I am afraid you are the scapegoat this time—you and 'Dabney.' This will give his foot-heat a twist, set him to rights until next time."

"It is a rotten trick to play on you, but you shouldn't have mixed up in it. A sensible girl wouldn't have taken the bait—a slip of paper handed to her in the street. For shame, Janice! It was not my first idea, and I laughed at it. I thought I'd have to think up something better. But it worked."

"Fully is just as deserving of punishment as crime, more so, I believe. It's only just that a fool should lie tied up and gazed. That's the way the world works, and it's not such a bad world, after all, if you make yourself its master, and kick over a few conventions."

"Well, Father Blast ate out of my hand, and thought me as beautiful as one of God's angels, only a little—"

A Thrilling Tale of Love, Mystery and Hidden Treasure

(Continued from Page 1)

more careful to the desire of me, and one day he gave me a small, set a young woman of the school to take me down to wait at the altar of the most beloved Virgin of the Jews.

It was dark in the crypt, except for the candle that poor Jan could glow his head. The Virgin stood there glowing. I knelt down in prayer. The my knelt down.

Suddenly I heard in my feet, spat out the words of gold that came at the Virgin's right hand and reached the skull of the kneeling woman. He dropped without me on my knees. Then I wrapped my little body and came out of the crypt.

She stepped to draw a long, long breath, as she must have stepped when, in the dim twilight, she had come up out of the bowels of the earth carrying her treasure, leaving the boy alone, senseless before the naked shrine.

For all the terrible possession of my mind, racing with death, I could not help but listen to her story. My imagination seemed to be stimulated by the terror of my plight.

I must have been in the crypt, I seemed to smell the damp, incense-laden, rose-scented candle-lighted chapel. I felt the weight of the jeweled robe, the fearful necessity for escape.

After her long breath, she began again eagerly.

"I came up out of the crypt, and I called to my Christ-like babe. He was waiting for me near the altar at his hypocritical prayers. He came quickly over to me, star-bright at the handle in my arms, and I kept him fascinated by the smile I wore.

"I can command the look in my eyes at such moments. It's my eyes that give away a secret. You can see the change of mood, the intention to deceive, the fear, the suspicion, the decision to kill—but even in those days I knew how to guard my eyes. Father Blast looked at me, and I smiled.

"'Hush!' I said to him. 'I have something amusing to show you. Kneel down by this opening and look at the little acolyte. Lean forward!'

"The fool obeyed. He knelt, his big hands holding to the edge of the trap, and peered into the darkness below. I let the door of the trap fall. It was a square of solid masonry, easy enough to let fall, but too heavy for one man to lift alone.

But he was a trifle too quick for me, drew back his head like a snake. I caught his hands. He howled like a dog. I tore off the tassel of the Virgin's robe and hid it in his gown. He faintly before I had gone out of the place.

"I had a hand-bag in a waiting trunk. I packed away my jewels and left Moscow by the first train. I went to Paris, travelling at speed with all the art of disguises and subterfuges I could command. Nevertheless, on my way from the Gare du Nord to the address Brane had given me, I thought that I was being followed.

"Of course, I gave the coacher another number, went in at a certain house I knew, escaped by the back, and made my way on foot to Brane's apartment, untroubled. They made no difficulty about admitting me.

"I found everything in confusion. Brane had packed his boxes. He was planning a journey." She laughed bitterly. "I didn't know it then, but in the interval, I had met this little black-eyed American woman and he had made up his mind to be a son of mine. He was going to give me the slip.

"I opened one of his boxes, wrapped up my booty in a newspaper of his, and at the bottom, and there I hid myself. I wanted to see upon my Englishman.

"Brane came in, looked up his luggage and went out again at once. He was in the apartment, barely five minutes, and I never saw him again—the handsome, good-for-nothing devil!

"I waited for him to come back. Presently some men came in and carried off the boxes. I waited in the apartment for several hours, but my lover did not return. He had gone to America, Janice—think of it! With that treasure in his box!

"The candle which had been flickering for several hours, went out, and she was busy for a while, taking another from her pocket and lighting it. I wondered what time it was. Surely long past midnight. The men were going to hurry through my brain on wings of fear.

If only she would sit there, talking, telling me the story of her crimes, till daylight. Then, there might be some faint hope for me. They would discover my absence. They would hunt. I might be able to overtake the handkerchief off of my mouth and risk a cry for help.

All sorts of impossible hopes kept flitting painfully through my despair. They were infinitely more agonizing than any assurance of fate, but I was powerless to resist them.

Suddenly they would search for me; surely they would search about that hole in the kitchen closet, surely that would lead them to it. Ah, if only I had told Brane! If only my vanity had not led me to trust only in myself.

"Now, you know the history of the case, Janice," said the woman after she had rested almost breathless on my side. "The reason that has already caused these deaths, the acolyte, and Robbie's, and—ours.

"I can go into all the details of my adventures after I left Brane's apartment. I soon found that he had been married, and had come to America, and it was not long before I had his address. But it was very long a lifetime before I was free to come after my treasure. Other adventures intervened. Other people.

"I wrote some threatening letters, but Brane never answered for me.

means an honorable one, in America, and purposely I'd seen to it that his new activities should keep him in the neighborhood of Pine Cone. One who knows the underworld as I do, Janice, has friends everywhere, has a foot to her hand in the remotest corners of the earth.

"Blast was my spy on Theodore Brane—Blast and the Baron. That no-man, upon whom I dare say you thought you made such an impression, Janice, was at one time Theodore's valet. I knew him for a thief in the old days, but I kept him in the household and so completely in subjection that the wretch would tremble whenever he caught my eye.

"He, too, came over to this country, and, eventually, his business became that of a cabinet-maker, a dealer in old furniture. He had other, less reputable business on the side. At various times Brane bought furniture through him—Brane was always ready to do a kindness to his inferiors.

"It was through the Baron that Theodore got possession of that bookcase, the one with the double back, but our wily ex-valet didn't put me as to the possible hiding place, even after I let him know that Brane had something to hide—till I had bribed him for all I was worth. That is, he never did put me wise. He blabbed his secret to you.

"I wrote some threatening letters, but Brane never answered for me.



"Still staring at him, I slowly lifted off my brown wig and drew up my own red hair till it almost touched to the top of the kitchen closet. And I said, 'Grrrrrrrr!' I'm the witch that lives under the stairs! In the worst voice I could get out of my throat."

Cone drug store. This was last Fall, about two months after Theodore Brane's death.

"Ask Mrs. Brane sometime—O, I forgot, you are not apt to see her again. But, no doubt, if you ask her she would tell you about the dear, sweet woman who brought her little runaway Robbie home one afternoon and took a friendly cup of tea with her. Yes, and learned in about half an hour, only this the silly little chatter-box wouldn't admit, more about the habits of her husband and about her own life and plans and character than most of the detectives I've hand-kissed could have learned in a month.

"It hadn't been for Mrs. Gaskell, and for Mrs. Gaskell's popularity with Robbie's nurse, and for Mrs. Gaskell's skill in winning Robbie's confidence, I should never have learned about that hole in the kitchen closet.

"Mary wasn't Robbie's nurse in those days. O no, my task wouldn't have been so easy in that case. He was being cared for by a happy-go-lucky nurse woman from whom he ran away about twice a week.

"She had a passion for driving over to Pine Cone every time George went for supplies, and she was only too willing to leave her charge with Mrs. Gaskell, who did so adore little children. From that girl I learned all about the habits of the Pine Cone household, and from Robbie himself I got the clue of clues.

"I understood that child. I could play upon him as though he had been a little instrument of strings. He was the kind of secretive, sensitive little animal that can be opened up or shut tight at will. A hard look would scare him into a defunct, a little kindness would set him chattering.

"I asked him questions about the house, where his father had worked and spent most of his time, where he himself played, what, especially, were his favorite play-places. He told me there were lots of closets in the house, but that he

was 'scared of dark closets,' and he was 'most scared of the closet under the kitchen stairs.'

"I asked him why, and he told me a long story about going in there and finding his father bent over at one end of it—one of those miserable, garbled accounts that children give—but I gathered that his father had been vexed at the child's intrusion, and had told him to keep out of the kitchen, and of the kitchen closet. It was the faintest sort of clue, a mere wisp of the-wind, but I decided to follow it up.

"One day, when I knew that all the servants at the Pines were off to a county fair, I met with Robbie and his nurse, and easily persuaded her to take me to the place where back to the Pines while she joined the other holiday-seekers. Robbie and I got a lift, and we were dropped at the Pine gate.

"I asked him to take me up to the house by a short cut and in through the kitchen garden. I told him to pick me a nice nosegay of flowers and I went in to get a 'trunk of water'.

"The kitchen was empty and I lost no time in slipping into the small kitchen closet. I saw at once that it had been purposely covered with heavy stuff and I began to search it. Of course, I found the hole. I even went into the hollow wall and explored the whole passage.

"Dieu! I was excited, pleased! I knew that I was on the track of my treasure. And I saw how easy it would be for someone to hide in that wall and live there comfortably enough for an indefinite time. I had what I'd come for, and I decided that Mrs. Gaskell's stay in Pine Cone would come to an end that night!

"I was excited, pleased! I knew that I was on the track of my treasure. And I saw how easy it would be for someone to hide in that wall and live there comfortably enough for an indefinite time. I had what I'd come for, and I decided that Mrs. Gaskell's stay in Pine Cone would come to an end that night!

We again remind you that you can now use a face powder that positively will not cause enlarged pores, blackheads and irritations. In fact, while it is considered the best face powder, it is also a remedy for complexion troubles. It is guaranteed pure and really harmless to the most delicate baby skin. It beautifies the complexion wonderfully because it helps to clear and lighten the skin and protect the complexion from the sun's rays. This new kind of face powder is made largely of an ingredient that skin specialists use in the treatment of the complexion. And it really stays on better than any other face powder. Of course, after saying this, every one will know we are speaking of the famous La-May Powder (French, Poudre L'Amé). This is the powder that

"It was disconcerting to hear Robbie's voice calling 'Mithth Gathell, where are you?' I was still in the passageway, but I crawled through that hole in a hurry—too late! I met Robbie face to face. He'd come to find me and was standing timidly in the closet doorway with his hands full of flowers.

"I knew that I should have to tie up his tongue for good and all. I fixed him with my eyes and let my face change till it must have looked like the face of the worst witch in the worst old fairy-tale held over head, and then, still staring at him, I slowly lifted off my brown wig and I drew up my own red hair till it almost touched to the top of the kitchen closet.

"And I said, 'Grrrrrrrr!' I'm the witch that lives under the stairs! I'm the witch that lives under the stairs! In the worst voice I could get out of my throat, a sort of sucking gobbie it was, pretty bad!"

She laughed, and again my face changed. I seemed to imagine that Mrs. Gaskell and the witch were two distinct people, but, at any rate, he was scared out of his little wits, and I knew when I got through with him that wild horses wouldn't tear the story of that experience out of him. 'Children are like that, you know.'

"I did know, and I lay there and cursed him in my heart. I thought of what agonies the poor little child had suffered in the mysterious silence of his baby mind—that pitiful, terrible silence of childhood that has covered so many cradles, so much unexplainable fear, since the childhood of the human race began.

My heart, crushed at it was, ached for little Robbie, sickened for him. I would have given so much to hold him in my arms and comfort him and reassure his little shaken soul. God willing, he was happy and content and past all the powers of earth or hell to disturb his beautiful serenity.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Reduce Your Flesh
Dietary method devised by
Dr. Walter's
Remedy
Rubber
Garments
For Men and Women
Lose weight easily and safely
without any dieting or fasting
without any exercise or
without any medicine
Dr. Walter's
1000 North 1st Ave.
St. Paul, Minn.
Best Reducer, \$5.50
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FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of Those Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of tedious exfoliation of your freckles, as this new strength is guaranteed to remove these ugly spots. Simply get an ounce of Othello—usable either as your day cream, and apply a little of it night and morning, and in a few days the freckles will disappear, while the lighter skin tone will be left. This is a beautiful, clear complexion, and this is a beautiful, clear complexion. This is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

La-May Face Powder

Is Harmless to the Most Delicate Skin

Does not contain arsenic, rice powder, or dangerous white lead to make it adhere. White lead is a deadly poison, and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that encourages enlarged pores, blackheads and skin irritations. Because La-May is so pure and because it stays on so well it is now used by over a million American women. The large size is only fifty cents. Most dealers also carry the smaller size. Be sure to try La-May. You will really never know a perfect face powder until you use it. You will be sorry if you take a substitute. When you use this powder you will see and use it beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-May is so popular because the most popular beauty powder sold in America.

CHAPTER XVI

The Witch of the Wall.

"HAD none of Brane's death from the very priest whose hands I had mutilated in the door of the trap. The fellow had been disciplined, unfrocked, driven from Russia, where it was no longer possible for him to make a living, and, as my method it I had kept in touch with him.

"I had even helped him to make a sort of fresh start. O, by no

"It was only by finding you on your knees before the shelves, the night after that god's visit, that I guessed he'd given himself away to my double. Till then I didn't realize how safe I was in depending upon your resemblance, pretty daughter. But, after that night, I amused myself greatly at your expense. And I admit, Janice, I am forced to admit, that you amused yourself at mine.

"I had no notion till tonight that you had dared to use Maia, to question her, to force her to write notes! And then, to write to Blast, to meet him, to get his translation and to destroy it—Dieu! You have some courage, some wit, my girl! Her tone of pride, of complete power, set my soul on fire with anger, so that for a moment I even lost my fear.

"Who found that letter of Blast's under the arbor seat? Whoever it was—I suppose it must have been you—put me into a rage that was like enough to drive me to any sort of violence. It was the last force of that you felt in the woods that afternoon.

"Dieu! I suffered from that anger. To be closed up in the wall, gnawing my own vitals, helpless, and to know that you had got the clue, that you would perhaps be making use of it!

"It was lucky for me that I'd been mentioned in my hearing the trip that you were planning to Pine Cone. I enjoyed thrashing you, Janice, and I enjoyed my little game at your friend Dabney's expense.

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PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

Such as Cleopatra Used Centuries Ago

For You, a Double Sample of Shampoo

A Palm, Olive and Coconut oil shampoo is waiting for you—all wrapped up and ready to mail. 'Tis a double sample of the famous PALM-OLIVE—twice the usual trial size.

We are making this remarkable offer because we want you to know all about this new, and yet old, shampoo—a shampoo perfectly blended from oils which have been known as cleansers supreme since Egypt's pyramid-building days.

Palmolive Shampoo is easily applied. The oils go to the very roots of the hair, giving forth a wealth of delightfully cleansing lather. It is readily rinsed out, and helps the hair to grow long and thick, keeps it soft, glossy and most beautifully tractable.

One luxurious shampoo with PALMOLIVE will convince you for all time. And we are ready to send you that *double sample* the moment we receive the coupon properly filled out.

Clip the Coupon for a Palmolive Shampoo

Fill out the coupon and mail to us, with ten cents to cover postage and cost of mailing. Then we'll send the double sample by return mail, to give you both a shampoo and a real scalp treatment.

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Makers of

- Palmolive Soap
- Palmolive Shampoo
- Palmolive Cold Cream
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- Palmolive Talcum Powder
(Four O.Z. - 1)
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(Four O.Z. - 1)
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Rouge

Here is the Double Sample Coupon

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THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

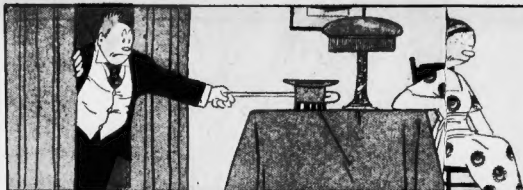
1 cent excluding ten cents. Please send me that double sample of Palmolive Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

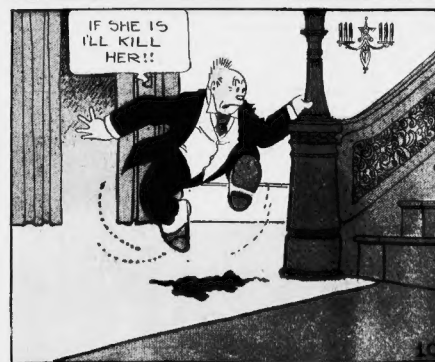
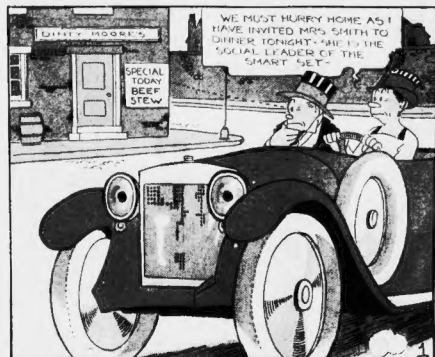
State.....



COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER AND AMERICAN July 20, 1919

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Bringing Up Father





AS SUPERINTENDENT OF THIS ASYLUM, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO NOMINATE BOOB McNUTT FOR PRESIDENT OF THE ANNUAL ORDER OF AMALGAMATED NUTS

THREE CHEERS FOR THE PRIZE NUT

COMIC SECTION

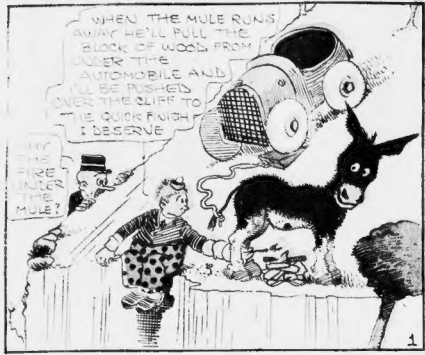
OF THE

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER AND AMERICAN

July 20, 1919

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Boob McNutt



WHEN THE MULE RUNS AWAY HE'LL PULL THE BLOCK OF WOOD FROM UNDER THE AUTOMOBILE AND I'LL BE PUSHED OVER THE CLIFF TO HIS QUICK FURY I DESERVE

MY FIRE UNDER THE MULE?

1



I'M THE SUPERINTENDENT OF A PRIVATE NUT ASYLUM AND THE NUTS DON'T LIKE ME—I NEED YOUR HELP

2



IS THERE AND WATER THE NUTS UNLESS I KEEP OUT OF SIGHT—BUT BE SURE TO KEEP THE GATE CLOSED

I'M JULIUS CAESAR

I'M NAPOLEON

I'M GEORGE WASHINGTON

I HOPE THEY WON'T THINK I'M ONE OF THE NUTS

3



THOSE FELLOWS ARE ALL NUTTY—DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THEM—I'M A GREAT GRAND-SON OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

I'LL BE CAREFUL, MISTER

I'M EXPECTING THE KAISER HERE SOON

NUTS NOT ALLOWED OUTSIDE WALLS

4



LISTEN, MY FRIEND, IF YOU GET A SHABE I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE \$1,000,000 IS BURIED

THERE'S A SHABE—DON'T TELL ANYBODY ELSE

I'M AN UNION

5



DIG DOWN TWENTY-FIVE FEET—I'LL GOT A TRUCK TO CARRY AWAY THE GOLD

JUST THINK—THE GOLD WAS HERE ALL THE TIME AND THE POOR LUNATICS DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH SENSE TO DIG FOR IT!

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE HAD A CHANCE TO OPEN THIS GATE IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

6



COME ON WASHINGTON, CAESAR, NAPOLEON, NERO, ROBINSON CRUSOE, GENERAL GRANT AND NOAH—WE'LL MAKE OUR GET-AWAY NOW

I'M MAKING GREAT HEAD-WEY—I'M DOWN SIX FEET ALREADY

7

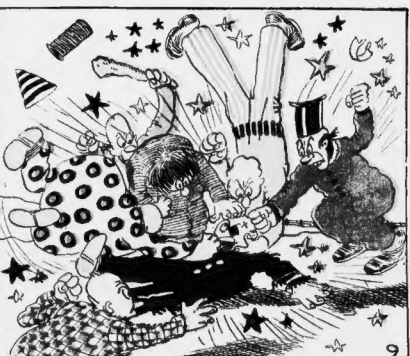


HERE COMES THE SUPERINTENDENT—WE'VE GOT HIM WHERE WE WANT HIM

LET'S START ANOTHER UNION

BOYS, BRING UP THE HEAVY ARTILLERY—WE START FIRING IN A MINUTE!

8



9



NOTIFY THE SECRETARY OF WAR THAT THE ENEMY IS IN FULL RETREAT

WE HAVE GAINED OUR OBJECTIVE

10



IS THAT YOU DOWN THERE, BOOB McNUTT?

SURE—I'M DIGGING FOR GOLD—A MAN NAMED SHAKESPEARE TOLD ME ABOUT IT

11



WHAT'S YOUR MOTHER'S ADDRESS, BOOB? I'LL WRITE HER THAT YOU'RE NOT COMING HOME

MOTHER WILL BE WAITING FOR ME

12

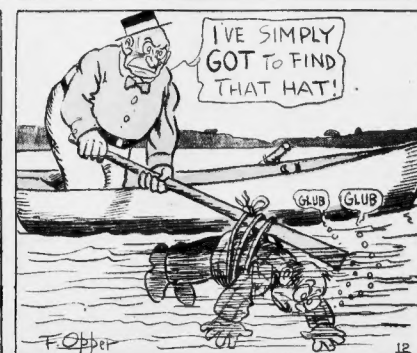


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July 20, 1919

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Mr. Dubb

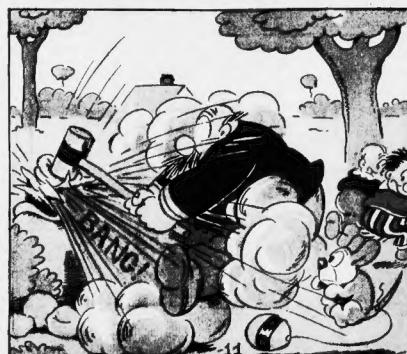




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The Shenanigan Kids



The Shenanigan Kids Live in Animated Pictures, Made by International Film Service, Released Through Educational Films Corporation of America, and Shown at Best Theatres